

Punishment

Sometimes you just forget who's around. As my girlfriend and I made our way home from the restaurant I completely forgot that her 3-year-old son was riding in the back seat. That's when it happened. As a careful but aggressive driver, I can't stand for someone to pull out in front of me, but here came this car right out into my lane. "F#\$ck*ng S.O.B." flew out of my mouth before I could even begin to stop it. Now, if we had really been in danger of an accident, I might have had an excuse, but I easily slowed down and avoided the car, before I noticed the look in Lisa's eyes.

"What did you say?" she said barely containing her anger. All I could do was apologize, but I knew that it wouldn't do the first bit of good. Lisa and I had used light mouthsoaping and spanking as elements of our foreplay many times before, but we also had an agreement that if the offense merited it and both of us agreed, these could be used as a real "punishment." I was about to find out just what "real" really meant.

Lisa was very upset over the use of that language in front of her son, but she said only two things on the rest of the drive. First, she asked me to stop by a friend of hers who would baby-sit for a few hours and then, after we dropped her son off, she directed me to the grocery store on the way home.

On the way to the store she started to hint at what I had coming. "When we get to the store," she said sternly "you will go straight to the bath aisle and get the following: one personal size bar of white Dove soap and one bar of pink Camay."

"Yes ma'am" I said as I pulled into the parking lot. I walked with mixed emotion to the proper location and got the two bars of soap as directed. When I returned to the car, Lisa informed me that she didn't want to hear one unsolicited word out of me until after my punishment was over and she said,

"That's going to be awhile, young man." Our next stop was her house.

As soon as we entered the door of the house, she grabbed me by the back of my arm and marched me to her bedroom. She then sat me down on the bed and looked at me with a strange mix of rage and love.

"Edward, do you know why you are going to be punished?"

"Yes ma'am, because I cursed in front of your son."

"Do you understand how angry I am about this?" I tried to assure her that I did, but she let me know that, before this night was over, I would have no doubt. I agreed to accept whatever punishment she chose to give me and she decided that it was time to get started. She made me strip down to my boxers and then had me place my nose in the corner and wait. I heard her go into the bathroom, turn on some water, open a box (or was it two?) and then get something out of the bathroom closet (uh oh, that's where we kept the bath brush.)

When she returned to the bedroom a few minutes later, she took me by the wrist and led me over to the bed where she sat down and pulled me across her knee. She promised me that this hand spanking would be the "...least of my punishments" that night and that is was also the last one from which I would have a clear mouth from which to cry out. It is a bit of a tradition for us that a hand spanking starts all punishments and I had a feeling that this one was going to be memorable.

With that, she deftly pulled my boxers out of the way and began spanking with a passion. The blows fell again and again, and she concentrated them on one spot, before moving to redden another. After three or four minutes, I began to moan and squirm, but she continued for at least two more minutes before finishing with a severe barrage to my upper thighs. The first spanking over, she pulled me to my feet, leaving my boxers on the floor, and guided me toward the bathroom.

When we arrived at the sink, I couldn't help but see the bar of Dove and the bar of Camay softening in the steaming water. "I think that I have just the cure for that language of yours" Lisa said to no one in particular as she reached into the hot water and pulled out the bar of Camay. She placed the steaming, soft bar at my lips and ordered me to open up. The acrid smell made me hesitate for a moment and she glanced over at the white plastic bath brush on the counter.

"You'll be feeling that soon enough, mister, now open up before I get it now!" Not wanting any more of the brush than I already had coming, I opened up and accepted my punishment.

She forced the pink bar of Camay in before my mouth was even open good, and began the scrubbing in earnest. Lisa didn't spare a single tooth or square inch of my mouth. The soap tasted horrible, but I endured while she repeated the process again and again. She would stop to rewet the soap and back into my mouth it would go. First one side and then the other, then the tongue, then all the way to the back scraping teeth all the way. The soap was completely overwhelming and I was desperate for relief.

"Are you learning your lesson, Edward?" she said as she promised me that there was plenty more to come. At that, she pulled the soap out of my mouth, informed me that as this was a punishment, there would be no spitting or rinsing, and led me back to the bed.

She ordered me to lay down with my hands under my thighs and, once I had, she bent over to pick something up. I could tell by the sound that she had pulled our six branch birch rod out from under the bed.

"Be still and keep your hands underneath you, and I won't add any strokes," she said. So I lay there, overwhelmed by the wretched taste of the Camay stuck to all corners of my mouth and waited. It wasn't long before I heard the birch rise and come swishing toward my unprotected bottom. In an instant, it felt like a hundred bees had stung. Then they came again. The blows continued until they began to blur together and I was sure that my ass had to look like a patchwork quilt. My eyes were watering and my cheeks were flushed. Finally after at least two dozen strokes, she stopped and my thoughts began to return to the vile taste of the soap in my mouth.

She didn't even let me regain my composure before she led me back to the sink and reached for the bar of Dove. I couldn't even resist when it reached my lips and she went straight to work with it. It was even hotter and softer than the Camay was and she took full advantage leaving large amounts stuck to every surface of my mouth. After an eternity of scrubbing, she stopped and ordered me to bite down on what was left of the soft horrible bar.

"That bar of soap will not be leaving your mouth until your punishment is over, young man!" She picked up the bath brush and walked me, soap in mouth, back to the bed.

Lisa knew from experience that no one could lay still for a punishment spanking with the bath brush, so she quickly but securely tied my wrists together to the headboard and my feet together to the footboard.

"Your behavior tonight, Edward, was totally unacceptable, and I am going to make sure that you know it." "You will be getting one hundred strokes of the bath brush and only then will I be sure that you know how disappointed I am in you behavior." The first blows of the brush fell with explosive whacks on the center of my birch marked ass!!! I struggled immediately with my bonds, which held fast, and bit down hard into the punishing bar of Dove. By ten strokes I was sobbing and pleading through the soap although I'm sure little escaped past the bar. By the thirtieth blow I was sobbing completely out of control. At fifty, Lisa paused long enough for me to regain a bit of composure just so that she could take me over the edge again.

The next forty blows fell viciously on my upper and inner thighs returning me instantly to uncontrolled sobbing, before she returned to my ass to deliver the last ten. Those ten were by far the hardest that I have ever felt and the marks would be visible for some days. She stopped and waited while my sobbing abated.

"Edward," she said "I hope that I never have to punish you like this again, but don't think for one minute that I won't!" "Do you think that you can behave after this? Nod if you do."

I nodded and grunted through my tears and the soap that I could, and I felt her begin to untie the bonds. She led me to the sink and removed the bar of soap and let me spit, but informed me that she wanted the soap to remain as a reminder for awhile, so no rinsing would be allowed that night.

Lisa hugged me (no kiss for my soapy mouth!) and left to pick up her son while I composed myself and vowed never to give her a reason to punish me that severely ever again.

Of course what's good for the gander is also good for the goose and I had a feeling that if I were patient, Lisa might find out just how it feels to be on the other side of the soap and the brush. That chance would come sooner than I imagined.

The End

"SoutherParadox"